

SYNTROPY

1st edition, issue 11. Aug/21



Bogotá (Colombia)

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SYNTROPY

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The following fragment is part of the story "Demasiada Pasion", which appears in the book "Los Reflejos de la Mente", of which I am the author. Hope you like it.

"After placing the ball on the ground, the referee pushed the defenders away. The striker was giving the goalkeeper the eyes, body position, and line up run so that they will dive in the wrong direction. I think he was measuring the kick to the ball to fall correctly, with the right angle and velocity, to break the score and go celebrate with the supporters.

On the other hand, the goalie had just aligned one edge of the wall with the far goalpost. Now, he was

jumping up and down, and waving the arms to intimidate and vanish to his rival, the space under the crossbar. All of us were on our feet for this last chance to get away from relegation. There were five minutes to go.

No one wanted a penalty shootout. Suddenly, the defensive wall stepped forward a little, and the referee blew the whistle. The sound spread all over the stadium and even all over that town. Orjuela staggered his run and made feinting movements, gradually adjusting his boot thump to the

ball. The now-silent ground heard that sound. Not too much force but a diabolical precision as the ball described an "almost magical frulete" -as a journalist would say later- over the heads of the astonished defenders, partners, and mainly, the dishevelled goalie. It tried to catch the ball but became nuttier than squirrel poop.

It did not matter if the truncated icosahedron showed good stability in the air or if it had a predictable trajectory throughout the game. At that moment, it seemed to make a capricious mockery of the laws of

physics. That because its sixty vertices and thirty-two faces, conceived precisely to create a system that drains fluids (0.1-millimeter reliefs), and avoids strange trajectories, failed. Even stranger, considering the altitude at the game was playing, the air density was 25% lower than sea level.

This time, the friction of the air molecules was the key, influencing the aerodynamics, distance, and speed of the ball. One additional factor was that Orjuela kicked with the upper part of their footwear perhaps, at that moment, with its

major contact surface and with the correct force and angle of impact. That gave the ball two movements: The first was rotation on its axis and the other one of translation. The translation resulted in a motion that without much effort, any player, including the goalkeeper, was used to handle: the usual parabola. The first made the ball rotate on its axis, exposing one face, in each turn, in favour of the air molecules while the other moves against it. As a result, the small pitch generated modified the trajectory of that parabola, a few meters to the right , increasing the speed (magnus force) until it

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became a masterful and unreachable curve.

I saw first-hand how that happened, almost numb while tightening the scarf around my neck and half-whispering bad words. Seconds later, I broke my throat in a wail; as the ball flew past the goalie frame and into the back of the net. Immediately, the C notes frequencies that a few seconds before were being formed, around me, transformed into a rumble of cheers from its supporters, with hugs, rockets, rattles, drums, and confetti. Some of my friends were whining and

crying while others were screaming, kicking, and breath-holding.

The uproar from the crowd was legendary. Everyone was ecstatic, except us, melting into chaotic hugs with strangers. The excitement was uncontainable, contagious, and overflowing. Many colorful balloons and flags were dancing in the wind, building a magical, almost dreamlike environment, which we were forbidden to enjoy.

Meanwhile, my friends and I were praying to heaven for this moment to pass quickly, as we had to get the ball moving again. It was hard to imagine what the coach was

feeling..."

References:

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